



UNIVERSAL CABLE PRODUCTIONS

FALLING WATER

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December 18, 2014

Universal Cable Productions
10 Universal City Plaza
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Universal City, CA 91608

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INT. OPERATING THEATER - DREAM

An IV drip-drip-drips. A VOICE, unknown speaks.

VOICE (V.O.)

Do you ever think your dreams are
trying to tell you something?

TESS (30s, small, intense) SCREAMS. She is in labor,
surrounded by masked DOCTORS and NURSES and PINGING machines.

VOICE (V.O.)

We all dream. About a cat, about
our teeth falling out, about
running our mother over with a
semi.

Tess pushes. Tess pants. Another contraction. She SCREAMS.

VOICE (V.O.)

What if our dreams held the secret
key to life? What if you could
control the world by controlling
people's dreams? What wars would
be fought over that kind of power?
How far would kings and empires go?

DOCTOR

10 centimeters. Now on this next
one I want you to push with all
you've got.

VOICE (V.O.)

Your dreams are trying to tell you
something. They're trying to tell
you that your life is at stake.

Tess feels the contraction coming. She braces. She SCREAMS.

An INTERTITLE CARD flashes: "**TESS**"

Hidden just out of Tess's sight, the doctor catches her baby
and turns away to pass it to a NURSE.

DOCTOR

There we go.

Tess hears the baby CRY . She strains to see through the
confusing swirl of bodies.

TESS

Let me see my son.

No one seems to hear her. A SECOND NURSE mops Tess's brow.

TESS (CONT'D)
Where's my baby?

SECOND NURSE
What baby?

Tess looks around. The room is still busy with doctors and nurses and pinging machines but there is no sign of a child.

TESS
My baby. Where is he? I want to see my baby.

SECOND NURSE
There's no baby, dear. You're not even pregnant.

Tess fights panic.

TESS
I heard him. I heard him cry.

The doctors and nurses drift out of the room idly chatting until Tess is standing (yes, standing, this is a dream and dreams shift this way) completely alone in the stark, empty operating theater.

TESS (CONT'D)
I want my baby.

INT. TESS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tess wakes. Slowly. Her breath shallow as the visceral reality of her nightmare melts away...

INT. SAME - LATER

A line scratches across the screen. Then another. A drawing starts to emerge. A young boy. Maybe six years old. With a direct, strangely tranquil gaze...

Tess is hunched over a work table sketching. Multiple drawings of the same boy surround her.

Tess RIPS her sketch from the pad and pins it to a bulletin board beside still more drawings of The Boy.

Tess stands back and considers The Boy's face with a deep, almost agonized longing.

Abruptly she returns to the work table, picks up her pad, resumes sketching.

INTERTITLE CARD: "**BURTON**"

INT. BATHROOM, BURTON'S APARTMENT - DREAM

Water. Falling from a faucet. Splashing into the sink.

A photo. Tucked into the edge of a mirror. A man falling through space against a backdrop of endless windows...

BURTON (42, laconic) cups his hands under the faucet and washes away the dregs of his shave cream. He stares at the photo. The falling man. The windows.

In the B.G. over Burton's shoulder, a pretty redhead (call her OLIVIA) moves about getting dressed for the day.

OLIVIA

I say we treat ourselves to a lovely dinner tonight.

Burton is lost in the photo.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

How about Marcello's?

BURTON

Marcello's?

Olivia approaches and nuzzles Burton from behind.

OLIVIA

You'll call and get us a table?

Olivia takes the photo from the mirror and drops it in the trash. She kisses him and goes to finish dressing.

Burton watches her in the mirror. Her unaffected sensuality. Her back. Her hips.

Burton picks the photo out of the trash and tucks it back in the mirror.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BURTON'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

A TUMBLER OF WHISKEY slips from Burton's sleeping hand and THUMPS to the rug.

Burton rouses. He has dozed off in a chair. Olivia, the bathroom, the photograph -- they were all a dream.

Burton's cell phone BUZZES. He answers.

BURTON

This is Burton... It's not too late, it's never too late...

Burton digs out a moleskine and begins making tidy notes.

BURTON (CONT'D)

What's the name of the officer?...
I know him, yeah, from my time on the job. Be polite. Stay there.

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - LATE NIGHT

A shadowy industrial street where trans-gender prostitutes ply their trade. Burton rolls up on two parked police cruisers. He double checks his notebook, double checks his tie, grabs a tray of coffees off the passenger seat. The SENIOR UNIFORM greets him as an old friend.

BURTON

How's the wife, Hank?

SENIOR UNIFORM

Still spending my money.

BURTON

Brought you a chai. Wasn't sure about the rook you've got in tow so I got him coffee, black and sweet.

SENIOR UNIFORM

You were always one for the details.

BURTON

So I got a call from one of the boy scouts at my firm?

The uniform motions to JAMES JONES, a jowly, patrician banker propped against a post in a state of severe inebriation.

SENIOR UNIFORM

Your Wall-Street-Master-of-the-Universe got his drunk-ass rolled looking for love in all the wrong places.

BURTON

You don't know that. Maybe he was looking for a cab?

SENIOR UNIFORM

West of 10th at 2 AM?

BURTON

He's English. And married. And a senior partner.

SENIOR UNIFORM

We found his wallet around the corner where the perps tossed it. He refused to give a statement until we called "in-house security."

Burton rifles the recovered wallet. The cash is gone but he does find a cocktail napkin from "The Old Homestead Steak House" with the word "**TOPEKA**" scribbled on it. Burton darkens. Covers. Pockets the napkin.

BURTON

Any reason I can't take him home?

SENIOR UNIFORM

I'd like a statement.

BURTON

Why? You don't want to do the paperwork, he doesn't want to testify, and the good people of New York would rather have you out on the street.

(beat)

I'll get you something on paper tomorrow.

Burton crosses to Jones who is brushing at imaginary lint in an hopeless effort to project propriety.

BURTON (CONT'D)

Mr. Jones?

JONES

Burton. I was, I, having dinner. Thought I'd get some air.

BURTON

I've taken care of the police. Car service should be here in a minute.

JONES

It was dinner. These men came out
of the dark. They... The dark.
You understand?

BURTON

I do, but the more you talk the
less believable you sound so... You
did the right thing. You called,
I'm here.

JONES

Let the officers know I, they, were
doing their job, I don't begrudge.
They're good men. We're all good
men. Until we're not.

BURTON

Then we're just how God made us.

O.S. a PRIMAL RUMBLE/GROWL rises. A mix of wild animals and
relentless machinery. Building to a CRESCENDO and...

INTERTITLE CARD: **"TAKA"**

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - DAY

CLOSE ON - the sleeping visage of TAKA (47; overweight and
rumpled). Taka's dreams, whatever they are, flicker beneath
his eyelids as the CONDUCTOR moves up the aisle.

CONDUCTOR

Short Hills, Short Hills, next
stop, Short Hills, New Jersey.

Taka rouses, gathers his wits, glances out at the New Jersey
countryside. The train SQUEALS to a stop.

INT. A WOMAN'S BRAIN - DAY

Smothering darkness. Then a distant pinprick of LIGHT that
swells as we --

INT. SHADY ACRES SANITARIUM - DAY

PULL BACK - out of the limpid black that is the dilated pupil
of KUMIKO, an elderly, once-beautiful woman. Clad in a
hospital gown, Kumiko sits utterly still, her affect blank.
In a trance or possibly a coma.

Taka paces before her pulling a FOOT BATH out of a box.

TAKA

Ma, this is a great thing, a wonder of the world, I'm not kidding. All your problems are about to disappear.

Kumiko does not respond. Taka triumphantly holds the foot bath before her anyway.

TAKA (CONT'D)

Nice, huh? I'm gonna fill it with hot water and you're gonna soak your feet. What do you think about that?

Kumiko goes on staring into space. Blank, mute, motionless. Despite himself, Taka exhales in frustration.

TAKA (CONT'D)

You're welcome.
(collecting himself)
Sorry.
(beat)
I'll be right back.

Taka disappears with the foot bath. HEAR water running.

TAKA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I was waiting at the dentist's office last week and I read an article about foot baths. Seems we don't treat our feet right. Lots of nerve endings there. Which I suppose is why they torture people by whacking the bottoms of their feet.

Taka reappears, water sloshing in the foot bath. He sets it on the floor before Kumiko.

TAKA (CONT'D)

There you go.

Taka takes the power cord, looks around for an outlet.

TAKA (CONT'D)

I got to thinking maybe a little foot relaxation would be good for you. A bunch of Sri Lankans on Broadway gave me a sweet deal.
(plugging in the bath)
Okay. Here we go. Ready?

Taka turns on the foot bath. Nothing happens. He toggles the switch. Nada.

TAKA (CONT'D)
What the fuck? Sorry, Ma.

Anger growing, Taka jerks the switch back and forth.

TAKA (CONT'D)
Piece of Chinese shit. Can't even
make a fucking switch. How hard is
that? On, off.

In a rage, he KICKS the foot bath. Water slops.

Kumiko remains imperturbable. Her eyes deep pools of nothingness.

A NURSE appears in the doorway.

NURSE
You need to use the light switch,
Lieutenant.

The nurse flicks the switch by the door. With a gentle whir, the foot bath motor starts.

Taka, embarrassed, collects himself.

TAKA
Thank you.

NURSE
Everything else okay?

Taka nods. The nurse exits. Taka glances sheepishly at Kumiko.

TAKA
Your son, the mechanical genius.

Taka sweetly stoops, removes Kumiko's slippers, and with great tenderness places her feet in the bath.

TAKA (CONT'D)
How's that, Ma? Feel good?

Kumiko gazes blindly into space. Taka contemplates his mother's once-beautiful face.

INT. LOBBY/DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Tess sits in a chair not really reading a tattered People magazine. Across from her an older lady COUGHS. A younger patient YAWNS. Two nurses CHATTER QUIETLY in the back.

From behind her magazine, Tess gazes at a framed poster of a tumbling waterfall. Strangely drawn in.

O.S. The CASCADING ROAR of the WATERFALL rises...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

The door opens. DR. RUSSELL (mid-50s, affable) enters. He smiles at Tess, who sits on the edge of the examining table. Dr. Russell consults Tess's patient file.

DR. RUSSELL

Tess.

TESS

Yes.

DR. RUSSELL

That's a nice name.

TESS

Thanks.

DR. RUSSELL

I'm Dr. Russell. What did you want to talk to me about?

TESS

I want you to examine me.

DR. RUSSELL

For what?

TESS

I want you to tell me if I've ever had a baby.

Silence. Dr. Russell studies her.

DR. RUSSELL

A baby?

TESS

Yes.

He glances back at the file.

DR. RUSSELL

Tess, according to our records,
you've already asked Dr. Rosenthal
and Dr. Obe to examine you.

TESS

So?

DR. RUSSELL

(kindly)

I think you should see a mental
health professional. Dr. Hertz
upstairs is excellent. I can
arrange an appointment.

TESS

I don't need a mental health
professional. I just want to know
if I've had a baby.

DR. RUSSELL

Tess, there is no way you could've
had a baby and not know it.

On Tess. Convinced he's wrong.

INT. HELENA'S OFFICE, THE FIRM - DAY

Burton peers out at the TRADING FLOOR where rows of men at
terminals rape and pillage under the direction of Jones.

Over Burton's shoulder HELENA SWIFT, Senior VP of Security &
Compliance, (a lioness in Chanel) briefs the firm's CEO
ARTHUR HULL (a shark camouflaged by blue-blood manners).

HELENA

Mr. McCarthy's still talking about
pending mergers in crowded
restaurants. Albeit not in a way
that exposes the firm to liability.

HULL

I'll take him aside.

HELENA

Also we back-traced your Hong Kong
client. Financially they're clean
but if you peel the onion, 30% of
their revenue comes from factories
in Cambodia that employ slave
labor. If you care.

HULL

It's always better for the firm if I know.

BURTON

Not always.

Hull and Helena smile/nod at the ironic truth.

HULL

What's the official Security & Compliance report on Jones and his nocturnal adventure?

BURTON

Police have it down as your basic mugging. Even with the time and location, there was nothing to it that we didn't already know.

Hull senses there's more. Burton glance to Helena.

HELENA

Tell him.

Burton opens his moleskine and produces the "Topeka" napkin.

BURTON

Our compliance software flagged a series of suspect trades. No smoking gun but they reek of market manipulation. The one constant is the trades all carry a masked sub-label: "Topeka."

HULL

You think Jones is insider trading?

BURTON

I think Mr. Jones's desk makes this firm between 80 and 100 million dollars a year every year.

HULL

If the answer's yes, just say yes.

BURTON

The answer is I have no idea. But last night that napkin was in his wallet, and if our software can find these trades so the SEC.

HELENA

He wants your permission to rattle cages, Arthur.

HULL

Of course, go ahead. As long as you bring me the truth, how can I complain?

BURTON

Oh, I can think of a couple ways.

HELENA

With luck it'll all come to nothing.

HULL

Make sure you keep it off e-mail.
(rises, then stops)
Why Topeka?

BURTON

It's the capitol of Kansas?

Hull exits.

BURTON (CONT'D)

So how far in the loop does he want to be kept?

HELENA

Somewhere between safely in and safely out, free of the blast zone.

BURTON

Do our job, but only if we have no other choice?

HELENA

We're fleas steering a dog.

BURTON

Fleas tasked with keeping the dog out of the kill shelter.

HELENA

If you'd rather I've got two stepdaughters at home who will treat you with scorn and resent your existence and not pay you dime.

BURTON

I'll take a pass.

HELENA
You always do.

BURTON
I see what's coming and I duck.
It's different.

HELENA
Not really.

INT. TRADING FLOOR - DAY

WOODY HAMMOND (slight and highly revved) spots Burton on the move. Woody abandons his terminal and scurries after him.

WOODY
So, did you tell him?

BURTON
Could you possibly be more obvious?

WOODY
I need to know. Did you tell Hull?
About me?

Burton considers Woody.

BURTON
Your personal life's not a threat
to the firm.

WOODY
Oh Jesus. Thank you.

BURTON
Next time you shag the wife of a
senior exec tell her not to sext
you on your company cell phone.

WOODY
It was a mistake, I swear. I owe
you.

BURTON
So buy me a suit.

WOODY
42 regular?

BURTON
Go away.

WOODY
You were kidding about the suit?

A glare from Burton. Woody retreats.

INT. BURTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Spartan and tidy with a line locked file cabinets along one wall. On the desktop is a matchbook. Burton considers the name on the cover: "MARCELLO'S." O.S. the BURBLE of a zen fountain rises...

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

An unmarked cop car pulls to the curb. Taka steps out, looks around. He's at the Belgian Consulate. Curious onlookers crowd around several cop cars and an ambulance. Taka displays his NYPD badge and shambles inside.

INT. BELGIAN CONSULATE - DAY

An older woman lays dead on the floor, her eyes wide as if she cannot believe it was her fate to die like this.

Two middle-aged plainclothes homicide guys -- ERNIE and MARCOS -- clock Taka as he enters.

MARCOS
Shit, look who's here.
"The Hunch."

TAKA
You're the ones called for an
assist from Special Intelligence.

ERNIE
The consulate called. Not us.

TAKA
Either way I'm here, so tell me
what's in the report so far?

ERNIE
Lady came in, no appointment, said
she had business with the
ambassador, keeled over.

Taka squats and considers the body.

TAKA
So did she? Have business?

ERNIE
Nope. No ID either.

MARCOS
Maybe she's a terrorist. She look
like a terrorist to you?

ERNIE
She looks like my grandma.

TAKA
Inside every terrorist is
somebody's grandma. Preliminary
thoughts on cause?

MARCOS
Heart attack, maybe? Allergic
reaction? Wool, dust mites.
Happens all the time.

Taka tugs back the woman's sleeve revealing a medic-alert
bracelet. He examines it.

TAKA
Woman cared enough to wear a medic-
alert bracelet but didn't put down
her deadly allergies? Let's say we
wait for toxicology.

Ernie and Marcos grumble/sigh. Apparently Taka is known for
seeing conspiracies.

Through a doorway, Taka spots a 6 YEAR-OLD BOY sitting on a
bench. The Boy returns Taka's gaze. It is The Boy that Tess
has been compulsively drawing. Not that Taka knows this.

TAKA (CONT'D)
Who's the kid?

MARCOS
What kid?

Taka motions toward The Boy, but The Boy is gone. Led off
somewhere by someone.

ERNIE
Look, Tak, Marcos and I are still
working a double homicide from the
other night. You wanna take Jane
Doe off our hands, God bless. You
can turn her into a whole big
production.

Taka glances back at the empty bench and the vanished boy.
Dogged by it somehow.

TAKA

I don't know if it's a production
yet. Neither do you.

Ernie gives Taka a look.

TAKA (CONT'D)

All right. Skedaddle. Gimme your
notes first.

Marcos rips his notes out of his book and hands them to Taka.

MARCOS

Fifty bucks it's an allergic
reaction.

As Ernie and Marcos head for the door --

TAKA

Peace be with you.

ERNIE

And also with you.

Taka considers the dead woman's stunned expression and
completing the ritual call & response --

TAKA

Let us pray.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

We're deep in the Bed-Sty ghetto on a crowded basketball
court. Hot shot ballers swarm up and back. Still more kids
hang and watching. A real social scene.

Tess stands with her back to the fence, observing. Her eyes
move from bodies to faces to feet, bodies to faces to feet --
studying their shoes, their clothes, their hair...

Sensing something, she turns and notes --

A LATINO MAN

On the EL PLATFORM that abuts the playground. He is dressed
in a short sleeved dress shirt and a black tie. Unremarkable
except for the fact that he's staring straight at Tess.

Tess shakes it off and focuses on the ballers. Bit by bit sounds start to fall away -- traffic then voices then even the wind -- until the only sound is that of one particular pair of sneakers SQUEAKING on the blacktop.

Tess hones in on that one kid wearing that one pair of sneakers. His shorts, shoes, socks, hair, just so. Different from the others. A step ahead. His shirt is hand-altered. Black and green with a design reminiscent of wild-style graffiti.

Tess aims a small digital camera at the kid. CLICK.

STREET SOUNDS bang back to life in all their anarchic glory.

Up on the el platform, the Latino Man is gone.

INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY - DAY

MIRANDA SIMONOFF (early 50s, stuffed uncomfortably in a business suit) waits alone in a bright red Eames chair in a big white room. She's impatient and worried. She's always worried. She glances at her watch.

A white door opens magically in a white wall. A TALL BLACK WOMAN, in a black blouse, black skirt, and black heels, leans out and shoots Miranda a silent inquiry.

Miranda shrugs apologetically. The tall woman retreats. Miranda is beside herself.

Another white door, an elevator this time, opens. Out steps Tess. Miranda leaps up and steers Tess by the elbow.

MIRANDA

They're all waiting for you.
Twenty of the poor fuckers. They
look like they're about to be
executed.

TESS

I saw some really strange folk
drawings in a window over by Grand
Central. Very voodoo. I took some
snaps --

MIRANDA

Honey, these people need the
inspiration for their next hundred
million dollar line. Tell me you
have something.

TESS
I have something.

Miranda gives her a big kiss.

MIRANDA
Knock 'em dead.

With an encouraging smile, Miranda nods to the white door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Tess enters, shy. About twenty people sit around a long and highly polished conference table. Account executives, creative directors, management executives -- all immensely eager to hear what Tess has to say. The tall woman, PAULA, greets Tess with out-stretched arms.

PAULA
Tess, my God, I was worried something happened. Bad brakes on a bus or some deranged Pakistani cab driver.

Paula gives Tess a hug, examines her solicitously.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Are you okay? You look okay. You look great. Your jacket, Rag & Bone?

TESS
Army-Navy.

PAULA
Of course. Sit, sit, please.

She eases Tess into a chair.

PAULA (CONT'D)
Well. Tess. If there's something nascent in the air, you'll be the one find it. You're the best spotter I know. Now. Tell me. What look will every American between 13 and 35 be dying to buy at the mall next summer?

Tess glances around the table at twenty apprehensive faces. Their careers seemingly resting on Tess's narrow shoulders.

Tess reaches into her jacket and produces a single 5x7 photograph of the baller in the black & green shirt.

Paula leans in and studies the image. Everyone waits with bated breath...

PAULA (CONT'D)
Beautiful.

INT. BURTON'S OFFICE, THE FIRM - DAY

Burton sits at his desk. He spins the Marcello's matchbook in his fingers. He closes his eyes. He takes a breath...

INT. MEN'S ROOM, THE FIRM - DAY

Water. Falling from the tap as Burton washes his hands.

The door swings. Jones enters and takes up a stance at a urinal. Burton watches him in the mirror but plays it cagey.

JONES
I expected you to pay a call on me this morning.

BURTON
No.

JONES
So the police statement? They have what they need?

BURTON
Taken care of.

JONES
Good. Well. Thank you. I wanted to thank you. Last night I was less than my best.

BURTON
It's not necessary.
(a beat, then pointedly)
I did have one thing, a separate thing. Who were you having drinks with last night? At the Old Homestead?

Jones hitches. Burton stays poker-faced.

JONES
A friend. From London.

BURTON
You charged it to the firm Amex.

JONES
Did I? That was a mistake.

BURTON
So who was it?

JONES
A friend. Why?

BURTON
I've been asked to compile a list
of all contacts you've had with
outside trading entities.

JONES
By who?

BURTON
People who want to know. It's my
job to protect The Firm. You wanna
wash your hands?

Jones steps to the sink. His cage thoroughly rattled.

JONES
I'll get you a list.

BURTON
Including your friend. From
London.

Burton sets a towel on the edge of the sink for Jones.

BURTON (CONT'D)
Don't forget to turn off the water.

Burton exits. Water falls from the tap...

INT. THE FIRM - DAY

Burton strides back toward his office when he spots --

OLIVIA seated in the RECEPTION AREA.

Burton is thrown. Happy but filled with trepidation.
Straightening his already straight tie, Burton allows himself
to be drawn across the office towards her.

Olivia sees him coming and stands.

BURTON
I thought we weren't seeing each
other.

OLIVIA
We're not. I'm not even here.

BURTON
And yet here you are.

OLIVIA
Moth to a flame.

She smiles a nervous smile. She too is trepidatious.

BURTON
How have you been?

OLIVIA
Really awful.

BURTON
You want to come into my office?

OLIVIA
I don't do well under fluorescents.

BURTON
I had a dream about you last night.

OLIVIA
This is a mistake. Nothing's
changed. At least for me. I just
thought, I don't know what I
thought. I'm sorry.

Olivia turn for the elevators.

BURTON
Have dinner with me.

She stops. A beat.

OLIVIA
What's the point?

BURTON
It's really good to see you.

Olivia gives him a long look. It's good to see him too.
Painful but good...

BURTON (CONT'D)
Tonight? Eight o'clock?

She surrenders.

OLIVIA
Where?

BURTON
You know where.

OLIVIA
Marcello's...

He nods. She exits. Burton can't help it -- he smiles.

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY

Taka awkwardly juggles his notebook as he buys a pretzel with mustard from a cart and talks on his vintage 1997 flip phone.

TAKA
...Hang on, Gary, let me get a pen.

GARY (O.S. - ON PHONE)
According to the ID number on the
Medic-Alert bracelet, your vic's
Ann-Marie Bowen. No phone number,
but there's an address on Long
Island.

Taka scribbles down the name getting mustard on his coat in the process.

TAKA
Run her through DMV and get me
directions, would you?

GARY (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Just google the address on your
phone.

TAKA
My phone... It's not that kind of
phone.

INT. TAKA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Taka drives slowly through the bland Long Island suburbs. Not quite lost. But almost. His phone RINGS. He puts in his earpiece and answers. On the line is his sister, MARGOT.

TAKA
Hey. I'm driving.

MARGOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Where?

TAKA
Somewhere east of Syosset.

MARGOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
We need to go over Mom's
financials.

TAKA
You know my brain when it comes to
money. Whatever you think best.

MARGOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
It's more complicated than that.
Can you come by for dinner?

TAKA
I guess. Sure.

MARGOT
I'll order from the noodle place.

Beat. There is an awkwardness between them.

TAKA
I went to see her.

Margot's involuntary sigh seeps through the line. As if she
was hoping the conversation wouldn't end up here.

TAKA (CONT'D)
She's in good shape. The same. I
brought her a foot bath.

MARGOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Was that something the doctors
recommended?

TAKA
No, I just thought she'd appreciate
it.

MARGOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
The stimulation couldn't hurt.

Beat. This time Taka sighs. He pulls to the curb.

TAKA
Anyway, looks like I'm here, so
I'll tell you about it later.

MARGOT (O.S. - ON PHONE)
Okay.

Margot CLICKS off. Taka pulls his earpiece. Grabs his notebook. Gets out.

EXT. MODEST SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Taka surveys the street of split-levels and ranch-styles. He walks up to the door. He rings the BELL. No answer. He KNOCKS. No answer.

An SUV pulls into a driveway across the street. A SQUAT BLACK WOMAN gets out with groceries. She eyes Taka with suspicion. Taka offers a friendly nod and KNOCKS again.

Peeping a gap in curtains, Taka gains a partial view down a hallway leading to the back of the house. Jutting out into the hall are

THE BARE LEGS OF A DEAD BODY.

Taka jolts. He flashes his shield at the squat woman --

TAKA

Ma'am. You need to call 911. Send the police to this location.

Taka throws his shoulder against the door. No dice.

He hurries around to the back yard. He pulls a switchblade and pries open the lock on the patio door.

INT. SURURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is clean and tidy and wall-to-wall carpeted. Taka moves into the

DINING ROOM

Instead of a table and chairs there are two cots. On each is a dead body, completely naked except for a pair of black and green running shoes.

There are no signs of violence. No blood. The bodies are just... dead.

Taka reels. He moves on.

IN THE HALLWAY

He comes upon the dead woman he saw through the window. Likewise she is naked accept for running shoes.

IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

Taka finds six more cots, six more bodies. Naked. Running shoes.

Painted on the wall, with some care, is the word: **"TOPEKA"**

On Taka. Struggling to comprehend the horror...

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - DAY

Lunch hour. The place is packed. Lots of expensive suits, lots of diamonds. Miranda studies the menu. Tess, incongruous in her sneakers and hoodie, slouches warily.

TESS

I hate this place.

MIRANDA

I bring you here for one simple reason. I want you to eat. You're too thin. It's not becoming.

TESS

I'm not hungry.

Miranda motions for FREDDIE the waiter to come over.

MIRANDA

I'm having the salmon.

TESS

You always have the salmon.

MIRANDA

I, unlike you, have to watch my girlish figure.

Freddie the waiter arrives.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

I'll have the salmon, please, Freddie, and she'll have the filet mignon, medium-rare, and a baked potato with lots of butter.

Freddie collects the menus and moves off. Tess worries at the drawstring of her hoodie and stares apprehensively around the loud room.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)

Congratulations. In twelve months, half the United States will be wearing green and black sportswear. Thanks to you.

TESS

I could be wrong, you know.

MIRANDA

I doubt it. Given any thought to your next project?

TESS

What next project?

MIRANDA

Exactly. Bill Boerg really, really wants to meet with you.

TESS

I don't do meetings.

MIRANDA

That's ridiculous. Of course you do meetings. Especially with men worth billions of dollars.

TESS

Not Bill Boerg.

MIRANDA

What's wrong with Bill Boerg?

TESS

He's from Iceland.

MIRANDA

We all grow up somewhere. I'm from Lowell, Massachusetts. You don't hold that against me. Hello Bill, what a coincidence.

BILL BOERG quietly joins them at the table. He's relaxed, middle-aged, with a big boyish grin. He wears jeans, running shoes, and a \$600 mock turtleneck.

BILL

Gotcha.

Tess shoots Miranda a dirty look.

TESS

You bushwhacked me.

MIRANDA

I did nothing of the sort. Bill has as much right to eat here as we do.

BILL
Five minutes of your time.

Tess jerks to her feet and glowers at Miranda.

TESS
Goddamnit, Miranda, I told you. No meetings.

MIRANDA
Shoot me for trying to get you work.

TESS
Good idea. You're fired.

Tess storms off. Bill watches her go, intrigued.

BILL
Is she serious?

MIRANDA
Don't worry. It's only the fifth time she's fired me this week.

Miranda stands, hurries after Tess.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS - DAY

Miranda catches up with Tess.

MIRANDA
Nice work. Very smooth.

Tess keeps striding along. So does Miranda.

TESS
I'm not some widget you can drag around from client to client.

MIRANDA
(patiently)
I am your agent. I try to get you jobs. Jobs that feed us both.

Miranda gently takes Tess by the arm and turns her so that they are face to face.

MIRANDA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

TESS
Nothing.

MIRANDA

You haven't called in weeks. And what happened to your smile? I'm worried about you.

TESS

Don't be.

MIRANDA

Are you getting enough sleep? Are you premenstrual? Did you let some creepy guy into your life against your better judgement?

Tess relents a little.

TESS

I'm okay. Honest.

She gives Miranda a quick kiss on the cheek.

MIRANDA

I love you.

TESS

I love you, too. But no Bill Boerg.

Tess walks away.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

The full police circus is in effect. Cruisers and meat wagons and satellite news trucks.

Taka watches the body bags come out the door. He wishes he had a drink and a cigarette. Beside Taka is an EMOTIONALLY SHATTERED LOCAL COP pretending he's not shattered.

LOCAL COP

Gonna take a week to get the smell out of my nose.

TAKA

Try Vicks.

ACROSS THE LAWN - DANNY ALTMAN, Director of NYPD's Special Intelligence Unit (50s, blunt-faced and stubborn) breaks away from a scrum of State Troopers and approaches Taka.

DANNY

Staties are gonna take the lead on this.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Looks like a group suicide and the bodies are outside the five boroughs so...

TAKA

Makes sense.

DANNY

You got a way, Hunch. Like a bad penny.

TAKA

Never on purpose, Captain.

DANNY

Stick around, help out best you can. Not that there's much to help with.

TAKA

What about Ann-Marie Bowen? My vic at the consulate?

DANNY

M.E. says she died of anaphylactic shock. Bee sting.

TAKA

That's one helluva coincidence.

DANNY

So's the existence of life on Earth.

(walking away)

By the way Marcos says you owe him fifty bucks.

Taka watches two more body bags come out of the house. He really wishes he had that drink. He claws at the mustard stain on his coat instead.

INT. MARCELLO'S - NIGHT

Beads of condensation. Sliding down the side of a chilled martini glass.

Burton broods over the drink. He checks his watch. Apprehensive but excited.

Finally, Olivia in walks. She joins him.

OLIVIA

Hi.

BURTON

You almost didn't come.

OLIVIA

I couldn't get a cab.

BURTON

No, no, you stalled. In your hotel room or your new place or wherever you stay when you're in New York these days --

OLIVIA

The Pierre. It's always The Pierre.

BURTON

-- You paced. You chewed your thumb. You debated which skirt and does green silk with a mid-calf hem send the right signal. And when you got in the cab you told him to drop you two blocks away so you could still change your mind, because I'm an emotionally unavailable man who clings to his paranoia and even if I wanted to change -- and I do, by the way, I do -- it's a long way from here to there and you're convinced I may never get across.

OLIVIA

What about you? You didn't have jitters?

BURTON

Why would I?

OLIVIA

I can just see you. You cleaned off your desk, just so, everything at a 90 degree angle. Then you checked your watch and realized you shouldn't leave for another 10 minutes or you'd get here way too early. So you filled the time putting on a clean shirt from the box in your bottom drawer, and somewhere in there, between the fourth button and the knot in your tie, you thought about not showing up at all.

BURTON

I never did any of those things.

He did them all.

OLIVIA

Yes, you did. Because you were afraid I might not come. Because you didn't want to be left sitting all by yourself, because then you'd be out of control and you need control like a child needs his mother to hold him tight and tell him that airplanes aren't going to fall out of the sky.

BURTON

I love you.

OLIVIA

Don't.

BURTON

I love you.

OLIVIA

Say it again and I'm walking out.

BURTON

So what did I do next?

OLIVIA

You washed your hands and you screwed up your courage and you came to Marcello's and you still got here way too early so you ordered a drink and you told Samuel to bring me a Rusty Nail as soon as I showed up and you hoped I'd take it as a gesture of love and not your need to control.

SAMUEL, the waiter, arrives and sets a drink before Olivia.

SAMUEL

The gentleman ordered you a Rusty Nail.

OLIVIA

The gentleman is no gentleman.
Thanks, Samuel.

Samuel graces them both with a smile.

SAMUEL

It's good to see you two again.

Samuel departs. Olivia lifts her glass. Burton lifts his glass. They smile.

MUSIC RISES...

EXT. MARCELLO'S - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Burton and Olivia exit the restaurant. The wind blows cold. She tucks her arm through his.

Olivia leans comfortably into Burton's shoulder. Their eyes meet. She smiles. A moment, and a decision.

Burton flags a taxi. He holds the door open for her. She steps up so their faces are almost touching. Then slips into the cab.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Burton and Olivia sit side by side. They both know what's going to happen even though it hasn't happened yet. Hands creep out and touch.

INT. BURTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Burton watches Olivia shed her coat. Watches her fingers graze his couch, his counter, his chair.

Burton approaches Olivia holding a drink for each of them. They both know they're about to kiss. She sips, then sets her glass down. Burton sets his down. They take their time.

They kiss.

INT. BURTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Shadows, thrown by two writhing bodies just out of frame, shift and pulse and slide across the wall...

Olivia's heel digs into the mattress. Her foot arches...

MUSIC FADES.

INT. SAME - NIGHT

Burton and Olivia lay post-coital. Exhausted but still wanting the touch of each other's skin. O.S. we HEAR the soft patter of a summer storm.

Burton strokes Olivia's hair. She nestles against him.

OLIVIA
It's raining...

Burton lets his eyes close and allows sleep to take him away.

ECU ON - Raindrops. Running down the window...

INT. MARCELLO'S - DREAM

Burton sits across from Olivia at the same table they ate at earlier. Outside, it's raining.

BURTON
(perplexed)
Weren't we just here?

OLIVIA
We always come here.

Samuel approaches the table with a Rusty Nail for Olivia.

SAMUEL
It's good to see you two again.

Burton scans the restaurant. At a table in back is Taka's mother, Kumiko. Not that Burton has any idea who she is.

EXT. MARCELLO'S - DREAM

Burton and Olivia exit the restaurant. She tucks her arm through his, exactly as she did earlier. Burton can't shake the eerie *deja vu* of it all.

Burton spots a FIGURE in a doorway. Passing headlights splash the figure REVEALING...

JONES. *What's he doing here?*

Jones hurriedly scuttles off into the dark. Like a vicious little crab. Behind him his shadow stretches and warps into the silhouette of something monstrous...

Burton goes tight. Everything is the same yet torqued... A distant SIREN drones... Vines slither up a wall...

But then Olivia leans comfortably into Burton's shoulder and he melts back into her. Their eyes meet. She smiles. A moment, and a decision.

Burton flags a taxi. He holds the door open for her. She steps up so their faces are almost touching. Then slips into the cab as...

FOUR FIGURES BURST out of the dark and attack Burton. Burton tries to fight back but they overwhelm him and he hits the pavement spitting blood.

Olivia tries to come to Burton's aid, but two of the figures drag her off while the other two wail away at Burton.

Burton struggles. He thrashes. He kicks free and tries to chase down the figures dragging Olivia away.

The figures stuff Olivia into a car. She cries out --

OLIVIA

Burton!

It's no use. The figures slam the doors. The car speeds straight at Burton and --

WHAM - Burton's body goes tumbling up over the car and crashes back to the cobblestone pavement.

The car roars off. Gone. And Olivia gone with it.

Burton lays sprawled, rag-doll limp. His breath comes strangled and ragged.

SHADOWS ooze out of the dark... They claw across the cobblestones... They reach out for Burton... Something carnivorous (o.s.) SNARLS...

Burton's eyes roll back into his head...

Then... An approaching glow... A hazy figure... The Boy...

The Boy considers Burton. Burton looks back at The Boy.

The Boy cocks his head, confused but not unpleasantly so.

The light behind The Boy swells, banishing the shadows and...

INT. BURTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Burton wakes. Alone. He tries to stir but his body aches. Deep and to the bone. As if he really had been run over.

Burton sits up. He listens for the sound of Olivia in the next room but there is only silence.

He paws at something in his ear. BLOOD. A rivulet of blood is oozing out of his left ear.

Burton hauls himself to his feet.

INT. BURTON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Burton searches. The living room, the bathroom, the kitchen. No sign of Olivia. No sign of her clothes. No sign of her half-finished glass of wine. It's as if she was never here.

Burton digs out his cell phone, hits speed dial.

ON THE PHONE

We're sorry, the number you are calling has been disconnected or is no longer in service. Please check the number and try again.

Baffled, Burton hits speed dial again. He gets the same message:

ON THE PHONE (CONT'D)

We're sorry, but the number you are calling is no longer in service...

INT. MARGOT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Taka lifts a full glass of wine. He drinks. He refills the glass. He drinks some more. Taka's sister MARGOT (all angles and sharp corners) watches with concern.

MARGOT

The math is the math and Mom's money is her money.

TAKA

So you and I contribute more.

MARGOT

She's gonna go on living for a long time. If we don't come up with a less expensive option, the cost is going to bankrupt her savings and ours.

TAKA

Well. I guess she could always snap out of it.

Margot scoffs, realizes he's serious.

TAKA (CONT'D)
She's our mother.

MARGOT
Why do you think I help pay for
that place?

TAKA
-- That you don't want to pay for
anymore?

MARGOT
You're the one she was cruel to.

TAKA
She was insane.

MARGOT
We were children.

TAKA
Now we're not.

MARGOT
She's been at Short Hills for 30
years. With zero change.

TAKA
And don't you sound pissed off
about it.

Taka drinks again, refills his glass again.

MARGOT
(scathing)
Should I open another bottle?

A beat. Taka goes reflective.

TAKA
I found twelve dead bodies in a
house today. All lying there.
Peacefully. Naked except for their
running shoes.

MARGOT
That's... awful.

TAKA

Some days, the sun shines and the sky is blue and everything seems so gorgeous. Others, you need blind faith to get from morning to night.

MARGOT

You have mustard on your coat.

TAKA

Mom would hate it.

MARGOT

I'll clean it for you.

Margot gets a wet dish towel and cleans her brother's coat.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Dawn slants in. Tess, brittle from another sleepless night, steps out of her apartment and goes through the elaborate ritual of locking all four of her door locks.

As she scurries along the hallway toward the elevator --

Burton steps from his own apartment. [He lives across the hall.] Burton is wound up and, for once, unsure of himself.

BURTON

Excuse me?

Tess stops. Caught. Deer in the head lights.

BURTON (CONT'D)

Last night you didn't see a woman leaving the building? A redhead?

TESS

I'm late for work.

BURTON

Right. Sorry.

Hurrying off, she dives into the stairwell and is gone.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Tess sits swaying with the motion of the train as it rattles along. Her eyes drift to --

A TRAVEL POSTER. Surfers riding a huge blue wave as it crashes onto a white sand beach.

HEAR (O.S.) the ROAR of the waves, strangely accentuated by the rackets-rack of the subway. Nature and machinery colliding --

The subway stops. The bulk of the passengers get off leaving a MAN directly across from Tess. She hadn't noticed him before.

A SECOND MAN rises from his seat at the front of the car and comes to sit next to Tess. It's the Latino Man from Bed-Sty.

Tess makes a quick decision. She bolts from the car slipping just between the closing doors.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Tess shoulders through the crowd when, up ahead, she spots two OMINOUS MEN flanking the exit stairs.

Tess looks to reverse direction but there is no other way out. The exiting crowd flows right on past her until it's just her and the ominous men in the silent station.

REVEAL - on a bench behind Tess...

BILL

My feeling, for what it's worth?
The world revolves around meetings.

Bill Boerg flashes Tess that boyish grin.

BILL (CONT'D)

Without meetings, we'd never get to know each another, exchange fresh ideas. We wouldn't have conversations. Don't you think it's important to have conversations?

TESS

What do you want?

BILL

I have a project. I need your assistance.

TESS

No thanks.

BILL

Why not?

TESS

I don't like being held hostage.

BILL

Who's holding you hostage? I'm just borrowing you for five minutes. For which I will pay you fifty thousand dollars. Charged back against any future fees accrued in my employ.

There it is again, that hard-to-resist grin.

BILL (CONT'D)

Tess, I'm interested in areas of interaction that might point to a whole new understanding of human existence. The possibility that we're all connected in ways we can't even realize.

(off Tess)

Too macro? Okay, let me see if I can small bore this. Example: You, Tess, can go out into Bed-Sty and pick out the one kid wearing the one outfit that will be embraced by consumers all over America. If you can do that, tap into the dreams, the unconscious desires of 50 million people, isn't it a fair possibility you could tap into the dreams of just one?

TESS

No.

BILL

You're that sure?

TESS

I've been asked this before. I don't read minds. I can't tell you what your Grampa wants for Christmas. I spot trends, mass trends.

BILL

Ripples in the Jungian collective unconscious.

TESS

It's nothing that grandiose.

BILL

I'm not asking you to play gypsy fortune teller. Even if you could see the future, I wouldn't want to ruin the surprise. All I want is for you to spend the afternoon at the Ritz-Carlton with a friend of mine.

TESS

Doing what?

BILL

Nothing big. I just want you to sleep with him.

Tess scoffs.

BILL (CONT'D)

Not like that. It's dreams. Do you ever feel your dreams are trying to tell you something?

Tess hitches. Bill's words hits a little too close to home. Bill looks into her eyes with surprising empathy.

BILL (CONT'D)

Help me and I'll help you find your son.

Tess struggles to hide her reaction.

TESS

I don't have a son.

BILL

Wanna bet?

EXT. GREEN LAWN - DREAM

Water. Overflowing a stone birdbath/fountain and streaming down the face of a moss covered cherub carved into the pedestal.

A boy (YOUNG TAKA) runs a finger over the cherub's face. Exploring the way his finger displaces the flow. He hears a woman LAUGH. He turns.

Across the lawn, Kumiko has her heels slung over her fingers as she dances with a CHARMING YOUNG MAN (his name is BOBBY but that won't be important until the next episode). They are happy and joyous and full of life. Like a couple out of a Fitzgerald novel.

Young Taka is now hidden back in the bushes. (He didn't go into the bushes. He's just there. For this is a dream). Through the branches he spies on his mother.

Light, real physical light, begins to pour out of Kumiko. She's is literally beaming....

Taka, now adult Taka rather than his childhood self, stares.

With a laugh, Kumiko and the man run off.

Stumbling from the bushes, Young Taka races after them but he can't keep up. He trips. He falls.

Kumiko and the man disappear inside a CLAPBOARD MANSION.

Adult Taka climbs to his feet. He peers through a milky window.

INSIDE THE HOUSE -

Young Taka sits at the kitchen island. Kumiko places a lunch plate in front of him. Sandwich and chips and carrots.

KUMIKO

I made ham and cheese. Your favorite.

Adult Taka (for we are now fully inside the house) looks down at his plate then up at his loving mother.

TAKA

My favorite.

Kumiko kisses Taka on the cheek. Taka eats. Outside the day is bright and all seems right with the world...

...Except for the dead bodies scattered about the floor. Naked except for their black and green running shoes.

Through a doorway Taka sees The Boy from the consulate (The Boy from Tess's drawings). The Boy's thoughtful eyes bore into Taka. Trying to communicate something...

The flavors of the sandwich curdle in Taka's mouth as the SHADOWS distort and the mood of the dream turns dark. Cancerous moss appears in upper corners of the room...

Over at the stove, Kumiko stares down into large pot of BOILING WATER.

KUMIKO
(distant and lost)
Remember to sit straight, dear.
And be careful with your crumbs.

TAKA
Momma...

Kumiko extends her hands out over the pot.

KUMIKO
So hard to get things clean.

Taka goes to her. But she is oblivious.

TAKA
Momma. Please...

KUMIKO
They're just not clean.

A little boy once again, Young Taka puts his hand on hers...

KUMIKO (CONT'D)
I can't get clean.

Kumiko thrust her hands down into the scalding water. Adult Taka grabs at his mother's wrists, trying to protect her from herself. The pot topples...

INT. TAKA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Taka rouses. The dream lingering despite the throb of his hangover. He swings his feet onto the floor and sits up.

REVEAL - an ancient discolored scar on his shoulder. A childhood burn.

INT. TAKA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Taka sips coffee. He puts on a set of magnifying glasses and sets about meticulously painting a face on a tiny tin soldier. A British Grenadier.

WIDER ANGLE - the table is covered with paints and brushes and additional tin soldiers in various stages of completion. This is very serious hobby.

CLOSE ON - Taka. Focused. Meditative. Searching for peace.

CLOSE ON - A completed soldier. A civil war cannoneer. PUSH IN on his hand-painted face. His blank expression. As if he had no face at all...

INT. FRONT DESK, THE PIERRE HOTEL - DAY

Burton feigns patience as the CONCIERGE tick-tacks at her keyboard. Behind the counter a mini-Zen fountain BURBLES.

CONCIERGE

I'm sorry, she's not coming up in the system.

BURTON

Maybe she checked out.

CONCIERGE

If she had she'd still be in the system. Are you sure she wasn't staying at Sherry or the St. Regis?

BURTON

No. She stays here. She always stays at the Pierre. How far do you records go back?

CONCIERGE

8, 9 years.

BURTON

Then she's gotta be in the system.

CONCIERGE

I'm with you, but... She's not.

On Burton. *What the hell does he do now?*

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Do you have any other contact information?

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY/ELEVATOR/THE FIRM - DAY

Burton swipes his ID at the turnstile. Boards the elevator. Just before the doors close, he is joined by Jones.

JONES

How was your evening?

BURTON

Fine.

JONES

You look like you got run over in your sleep.

Burton torques.

BURTON

We all have restless nights.

JONES

I used to have the most horrible insomnia. I'd leave the house, have a drink at this Italian restaurant, check into a hotel. I could always sleep in a hotel. My favorite was The Pierre.

BURTON

Maybe I should try that.

JONES

You should stop by Marcello's while you're at it. That was the restaurant.

The elevator DINGS. The doors open at their floor.

JONES (CONT'D)

I'll have that list you want by noon. Don't worry, I didn't forget.

Jones strides off to his fiefdom leaving Burton's cage thoroughly rattled.

INT. HELENA'S OFFICE, THE FIRM - DAY

Burton enters. Shuts the door. Helena continues to attend to her computers.

BURTON

How hard can I push on Jones?

HELENA

Not very.

BURTON

I gonna push him.

HELENA

You're cute when you're indignant.

Burton scoffs/stews.

HELENA (CONT'D)
Is he stonewalling you?

BURTON
No.

HELENA
Then what do you have?

BURTON
Nothing. Not nothing.

HELENA
The man runs a profitable desk.

BURTON
When have you known me to chase a ghost?

HELENA
Never. You have an unerring nose for malfeasance.

BURTON
Jones is hooked into something.

HELENA
Bring me the ocular proof.

INT. NYPD SPECIAL INTELLIGENCE UNIT (S.I.U.) - DAY

Ancient office furniture, the latest technology. Taka comes in, rumped as ever, and places the completed Grenadier on his desk like a good luck totem. Danny spots him.

DANNY
Staties called over to say thanks.

TAKA
I mostly stood around, tried not to get in the way.

DANNY
Don't knock it. That is a rare and valuable skill in a police.

Danny disappears into his office.

Atop Taka's in-basket is a DMV printout. The photo is of a squat black woman. It is the woman from the driveway, the one Taka told to call 911.

Taka waves the sheet at GARY (one of the other detectives).

TAKA
Hey Gary? What's this?

GARY
That's Ann-Marie Bowen.

TAKA
Gary, the dead woman from the
consulate is white.

GARY
All I did was run the Medic-Alert
ID number. That's the name that
kicked back.

Taka spits a curse. Marches for the door. Leaving behind
the faceless Grenadier...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, RITZ-CARLTON - DAY

Bill ushers Tess into the suite. Slashes of sunlight knife
around the drawn shades.

BILL
He's in here.

Tess follows Bill to a BEDROOM with two queen sized beds.
Asleep on the far bed lays a man of indeterminate age with
thick eyebrows. His name is ANDY. [*NOTE: It was ANDY'S
VOICE we heard in the V.O. at the beginning of the pilot.*]

TESS
What now?

BILL
You lay down, you go to sleep.
When you wake up, you tell me
everything that happened in your
dreams.

TESS
What if I don't dream?

BILL
When have you not dreamed?

He's got her there. She sits on the edge of the near bed.

BILL (CONT'D)
(re: the man in the other bed)
Take a good look at him. Think
about... I don't know, think about
what he might be dreaming.

Tess notes the videocamera set up in the corner.

BILL (CONT'D)
For scientific observation. So we
can track your REM cycles.

A FACELESS TECH steps forward and attaches EEG electrodes to her temples.

TESS
What do you know about my son?

BILL
(smiles)
When you wake up. If you have
trouble dropping off, let me know.
I'll arrange an Ambien, a cocktail,
joint, whatever you need.

Bill exits. Tess considers the camera. The red recording light on top. Tess slips off her shoes and lays down.

She look over at Andy. Sleeping away. She looks up at the ceiling. She studies a crack in the plaster.

Somewhere (o.s.) water pipes rattle. A shower runs. A spigot squeaks...

INT. TESS'S APARTMENT - DREAM

Water drip-drip-drips from the kitchen tap. Tess places a cereal bowl in the sink and turns to the bulletin board. Her drawings of The Boy are there but in all of them the eyes, nose, and mouth have been erased.

O.S. a child LAUGHS. Tess follows the sound to her door.

OUT IN THE HALL -

Burton stands waiting for the elevator. In his hand is a single black stocking.

TESS
Did you hear...

BURTON
Follow me.

Burton steps onto the elevator. Tess tries to follow but the doors shut in her face.

Tess pumps the call button then returns to her apartment for her coat and --

INT. PUBLIC BUS - MOVING - DREAM

-- finds herself the only passenger on the uptown M4. This is not a surprise. It is the natural way dreams move.

Tess sways with the roll of the bus. THUMP - the bus jounces. Tess peers out the windows. Looking for... She doesn't know. Burton? The Boy?

THUMP - the bus jounces again. Tess looks toward the front. At the wheel is Bill Boerg.

Bill mows down a pedestrian in the bus's path - THUMP. He mows down another - THUMP. And another - THUMP.

With each hit, the bus jounces but Bill's placid determination never wavers - THUMP.

Tess hits the bell tape. Bill pulls over. Tess exits out the back door and finds herself --

INT. NEW YORK COMMODITIES EXCHANGE - DREAM

-- on the chaotic exchange floor. Panicked, hive-mind traders bellow and wave and shout.

Then one of the traders spots Tess. He stops. He stares.

A second trader spots her. Then a third. Until one by one, all the traders on the floor stop. They all stare.

UP ON THE MONITORS - the stock price of "TOPEKA" falls:
"38... 37... 35... 32..."

Tess steps forward. The traders part and melt away. Until the vast room is empty.

Except for a lone FIGURE. Way in the back in one of the trading pits. The figure is digging. With a shovel.

Tess approaches. The figure is Andy, the man in the other bed. He has hacked through the floor and carved out a waist deep hole in the dirt below.

ANDY

Shh. Don't tell Bill.

TESS

Tell him what?

ANDY

Tell him... Tell him I was playing piano. He likes it when I play piano. Cole Porter.

Tess looks around the exchange. Up on the ceiling TENDRILS OF MOLD are devouring the corners of the room. Tess shivers.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't look at it. Just makes it grow faster.

TESS

What's your name?

ANDY

I don't have to tell you. You're the visitor.

Tess isn't quite sure how to take this.

TESS

Can I... help?

ANDY

Tunnel's only big enough for one.

Tess accepts this as perfectly logical. She sits.

TESS

(singing softly)
*"In olden days a glimpse of
 stocking was looked on as something
 shocking but now god knows,
 anything goes..."*

INT. BEDROOM, PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, RITZ-CARLTON - DAY

Tess wakes The other bed is empty. The red record light on the camera is off.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, RITZ-CARLTON - DAY

Bill hands a still groggy Tess a glass of orange juice.

BILL

So? Tell me about your dream.

TESS

(thinks before speaking)
 Your man was there.

BILL

Andy?

TESS

The man in the other bed.

BILL

Andy. What was he doing?

TESS

He was... playing piano.

BILL

What was he playing?

TESS

A Cole Porter song. Anything Goes.

Bill claps his hands with rhapsodic enthusiasm.

BILL

Hot damn.

TESS

I didn't know showtunes were so exciting.

BILL

You have no idea. This...
Imagine. Absolute connectivity.
No wires, no wi-fi, no servers, no
routers. Pure communication,
cerebral cortex to cerebral cortex.

TESS

I just want to know about my son.
Where is he?

BILL

Tess--

TESS

What's his name and why do I only
know about him in my dreams? Am I
crazy?

BILL

You're not crazy. You're just...
sensitive.

Bill hands Tess a degraded Xerox copy of a medical bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

Go to St. Joseph's Hospital in Queens. Ask why their accounting software lists you with an unresolved \$10 charge-back when there's no record of you ever being a patient.

(re: the xerox)

The billing code? It's for an epidural.

On Tess. Holding the proof in her hands.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Taka pulls up at the house across the street from where the bodies were found. The house where the real Ann-Marie Bowen pulled into the drive. Taka knocks. A TINY OLD JEWISH LADY answers. Taka flashes his shield.

TAKA

I hate to be a bother, ma'am, but is this your house?

OLD JEWISH LADY

30 years.

TAKA

And do you have help of any kind?

OLD JEWISH LADY

No. Is this more about that hazarai across the street?

Taka holds out the DMV photo of the squat black woman.

TAKA

Do you recognize this woman?

OLD JEWISH LADY

Never seen her in my life.

Taka reacts.

OLD JEWISH LADY (CONT'D)

If she's some big deal I can keep my eye out.

TAKA

Sure. That'd be great. Thanks.

OLD JEWISH LADY

You look like the sky's about to
fall.

TAKA

The sky's fine right where it is.
Thanks for your help.

Taka retreats. The lady disappears back inside.

Taka considers the house across the way. Surrounded by
police tape and the odd lookie-loo. *What now?*

A familiar sound (o.s.) rises catching his attention. WATER.
Bubbling.

REVEAL - On the lawn two houses over is a stone
BIRDBATH/FOUNTAIN. The same one Taka saw in his dream.

Taka moves toward it. Drawn...

Water sluices down the mossy face of the cherub...

Floating in the bowl of the fountain are a batch of xeroxed
fliers. Blue paper, black print. Taka fishes one out.

On the flier is a sketch of The Boy. Identical to one of
Tess's. Across the top it reads: "HIS NAME IS JAMES"

Taka considers the flier. The image. The Boy...

...at which point the Old Jewish Lady's house EXPLODES.

INT. TRADING FLOOR, THE FIRM - EARLY EVENING

Burton watches Jones hold court amid his posse of Wall Street
cannibals. Studying him. His patrician swagger.

Jones's cell buzzes. Jones checks it. His mood flips from
triumph to foreboding. Excusing himself, he hurries to the
elevator.

Burton tweaks. *What was that?* Burton follows Jones.

EXT. LOBBY, THE FIRM - EVENING

Hunkered in mezzanine, Burton peers down at Jones who paces
in the lobby below. Burton watches a SLIGHT MAN approach
Jones and confront him.

Jones's head bobs as the slight man does all the talking.
Jones is cowed. Jones is frightened.

Burton strains to catch their words but they are swallowed up by the CLICK-CLACK of footfalls on the marble floor.

As the slight man turns and strides off, the light catches his face. It's Woody. Not the soft, harmless Woody of the office but a deeper, sharper, ruthless Woody. The real Woody.

ANGLE ON - Jones. Crushed. Desperate. Broken. Scared. Yanking loose his necktie, Jones shambles out the door.

Burton hurries down the escalator after him.

EXT. PARK AVENUE - NIGHT

Jones slumps homeward on foot trailed by Burton.

At 79th Street, Jones stops. He takes out his cell phone. He hurls it into the trash.

Burton presses back into a doorway.

Kicking off his custom \$1500 wingtips, Jones flings them into the street and walks on up Park Avenue in his socks.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Burton steps from the elevator. Jones's front door is ajar. Burton enters. The 12 room apartment is sumptuous and decadent in that old-world New York way. ODD NOISES draw Burton back toward the library.

INT. LIBRARY, JONES'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mounds of paper lay tornado strewn. Jones feeds the pages of his address book into a small trash can fire. A pistol and shells lay at his hip. He has been weeping but is now calm.

Burton steps in. Jones is not entirely surprised.

JONES

How'd you get past the doormen?

BURTON

Apparently your Christmas tips weren't all they should've been.

JONES

My wife's such a cheap bitch.

BURTON

Where is she?

JONES

She took 'Cilla up to the house in Stockbridge. I'm supposed to join them but it seems I missed my train.

Jones continues torching his address book.

BURTON

What did Woody say to you?

JONES

Nothing. It doesn't matter. Woody doesn't matter. It's Topeka. It's all Topeka. It's bigger than we should ever know.

BURTON

What is?

JONES

Right. You still think this is about money. The price of winter wheat and frozen concentrated orange juice. It's everything. You, me, Woody, your girl --

BURTON

-- what girl?

JONES

-- the color of my mother's purse that I threw off the Serpentine Bridge when she wouldn't let me ride the carousel.

BURTON

-- What girl, go back to the girl, what do you know about the girl?

JONES

Remember: when you can't sleep? A glass of wine at Marcello's.

Jones picks up the pistol.

BURTON

Don't...

JONES

There's Kung Pao in the refrigerator if you get hungry waiting for the police.

Jones puts the gun barrel between his teeth and BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT.

INT. SHADY ACRES SANITARIUM - DAY

CLOSE ON the implacable face of Kumiko, lost in her interior world of misfiring synapses and grating confusion.

ANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)

As a young man I was taught that science is the search for truth. And like so many I believed the truth once discovered would be absolute and final.

PULLING UP from Kumiko we RISE higher and higher until --

REVEAL - the walls of Kumiko's room abut not the outdoors and the hospital hallway but four other small rooms, and those rooms abut still more rooms. Stretching out forever like

AN INFINITE CUBICAL FARM

Each cubical is occupied by a lone person, unaware they are separated from the others by the thinnest of walls.

ANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Consider how we used to think of the atom. Brilliant men, Nobel scientists, used to believe the atom was the fundamental building block of all matter.

Drifting, we approach a cube engulfed in mold and cobwebs and tendrils of malignant decay that have crawled up over the walls and are devouring the neighboring cubes as well.

ANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)

But then beneath the atom, we found protons. And beneath protons we found quarks. And beneath quarks we found strings.

INSIDE THE CUBICAL

A mummified figure, the source of the malignance, sits bound to a chair, encased in layers and layers of mold and fuzz. Completely unrecognizable. Yet VIBRATING. A violent blur.

ANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)

Until we realized strings were just vibrations of energy and not actual objects at all.

The industrial RUMBLE/GROWL rises as we PUSH IN on the "FUZZY MAN" until we are swallowed up by a BLACKNESS that becomes --

INT. MARCELLO'S - DREAM

-- Tess's reflection in the darkened window. She is alone at a small table. On her plate is a black and green sneaker.

Drifting, CAMERA finds Taka at the bar with his tin soldiers.

Continuing to drift, CAMERA finds Burton drinking a martini before a mural of the "Falling Man" photo from his dream.

Panning away, CAMERA follows Samuel across the restaurant as he delivers a cocktail to Kumiko. Kumiko's affect is blank and catatonic as always.

ANDY'S VOICE (V.O.)

The world seems so simple. Until
you start digging.

Kumiko's eyes DART up at Samuel. The first movement we've ever seen. Samuel smiles. Kumiko SCREAMS.

KUMIKO

(ranting in Japanese)

*Kare o sukuu. Kare o sukuu. Kare
o sukuu...*

Over and over. She rants. She screams. Like woman with her dress on fire....

CUT TO BLACK:

FIN